

The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT NOON.)

A RECORD OF THE THEATRES, CONCERT ROOM, MUSIC, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS,
FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Terms of Subscription, per Annum, 16s. Stamped; 12s. Unstamped; to be forwarded by Money Order or Postage Stamps
to the Publisher, W. S. Johnson, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

Yearly Subscribers only (whose names are registered at the Office) are entitled to an Admission to the Annual Concert.

No. 44.—VOL. XXIII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1848.

PRICE THREEPENCE.
STAMPED FOURPENCE.

GOETHE'S EPICRAMS FROM VENICE—(1790.)

IN ELEGIAC VERSE.

Money spent, and time as well—
How—this little book will tell.

XXXVIII.

ALL that thou doest with pleasure I see; but thou chiefly delight'st me
When, by thy father tost, nimbly thou turn'st in the air.
Thou hast o'erbalanced thyself. Can it be? 'Twas a dangerous tumble;
Yet thou art running again, just as if nought had occurred. J. O.

ALBONI AT BRUSSELS.

THE article inserted on our first page last week was translated from *L'Indépendance Belge*, a Brussels journal, of large circulation and influence, to whose columns Fetis is a frequent contributor.

LETTERS TO A MUSICAL STUDENT.

NO. I.

ON THE TONAL SYSTEM.

MY DEAR THEODORE!—You cannot be more sorry than I am at our unexpected and much too early separation from each other; for the short period of our personal intercourse has been long enough to make you win my affection and to excite hopes in me, the realisation of which will constitute one of the happiest moments of my life. However, although our personal communication has thus been interrupted, our spirits remain near to each other, and I shall watch with anxious care how the seed, which I endeavoured to plant in your breast, will now grow up under the fostering hand of others, and bring fruit to eternal life. For all true art is directed towards the indefinite and eternal, it grows out of a heart yearning after something better than the transient happiness and pleasures of this life, and where this feeling is wanting, art sinks down to the sphere of a spiritless mechanism. To place the art of sound in that light, and thus to kindle in you such a holy enthusiasm as might prevent your spirit from being crushed by the weight of abstract rules and dead formulas, with which your former teachers had loaded your memory: this, as you know, has been the constant aim of my teaching and conversation. It is therefore not to be wondered at, that you should find the method of your present instruction rather dry and unpalatable; a new light had begun to shine upon your beloved art, and now this light threatens to disappear again under the rigid disciplines of that school to which you belong. It certainly is a pity that the eternal light which pervades the regions of our art, which throws upon it a heavenly lustre, and makes it the direct outflow of the divine in man—it is a pity that this light so seldom penetrates into the dark and dreary recesses of the school, and that those very persons who should make susceptible for it the youthful hearts of those confided to their guidance, so often stiffen under the gloom of their professional gowns, and chill the

minds of their disciples in the stern orthodoxy of long-forgotten laws and precepts. But be not disheartened, my Theodore, better men, than you and I, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, have commenced their career under more unfavourable circumstances than you; the genius of Beethoven submitted to have his wings cut by the methodical doctrine of Albrechtsberger; Mendelssohn Bartholdy's buoyant spirit writhed for years under the pressure of Zelter's iron rule; and yet the holy fire burning within them was not extinguished when they had gone through the school, but increased in intensity whilst the process of its purification was going on, and finally blazed forth in a flame reaching to the skies. Your masters are able men in their way; learn from them as much as you can, and do not think less of the value of their instruction because it is clad in the garment of that dry scholastic system which you have learnt to dislike. And if your heart should begin to fail you under the mass of rules and exercises, whose object and use you do not conceive, sit down at your piano and play one of Beethoven's sonatas; and then remember, that even they owe their perfection to the discipline of a school like your's. Farther regular teaching on my part is now of course out of the question; but when in the course of your studies you arrive at a subject where the explanations of your masters do not satisfy you, or seem to be in contradiction to the light in which I have taught you to look upon your art, write to me, my dear Theodore, and I will endeavour to clear up the doubts of your mind and to restore harmony where your school and your art seem to move in discords. Knowing my affection towards you, you have already anticipated my last offer, and I am glad you have done so; let me, then, at once proceed to the question which you have put to me regarding our present tonal system. You say that our system of sounds, and the harmony built upon that system, appears to you, from the explanation of your professor, to be entirely artificial, and a mere production of men *intent upon making a system*; and you ask, "how is such an arbitrary system to be reconciled with the true spirit of art, if the latter be the natural outflow and direct manifestation of the inward working of man's mind?" In answer to this question I will first admit, that the present system and arrangement of musical sounds is in some degree an arbitrary or at least artificial one; but I hope to succeed in proving to you, that it is not entirely so, and that it has its foundation and innermost root in the nature of art itself; and though apparently a production of scheming man, is, in reality, a necessary consequence of certain irreversible laws which govern the art of sound, as well as any other art. You know that every sound is the effect of an oscillating body, putting the surrounding atmosphere into a vibrating or waving motion, and that as those oscillations may vary infinitely in point of force and vivacity, an indefinite number of sounds is possible. These sounds, then, are the expression of different feelings and emotions in the human soul; and the question arises,—how can the passing emotions of the feeling heart be

contain one or two of the above three sounds. To do this we make on the one side C the fifth of a new chord, and on the other G the root of another. This gives the following new sounds:—

F — A — C — E — G — B — D

of which two (F and A) are below the tonic and one (D) above its octave; by inserting them (or rather their octaves, which amounts to the same) between the two extreme points of the scale (C—C) we obtain the following series:—

C — D — E — F — G — A — B — C

which is our present *diatonic scale*, consisting of seven different sounds. In regard to the third sound (E) it is impossible to make it an interval of any other (common) chord than that of the tonic, without increasing the number of sounds to such a degree that the practical execution of the scale and its harmonization would soon become an impossibility. For whether we make it the third or the fifth of a new chord, in either case the introduction of a new sound (C or G) would become necessary, and the harmonisation of these sounds would again lead to an infinite number of others, as may easily be proved by an arithmetical calculus. We confine ourselves, therefore, to the above seven sounds, not, as you see, from a mere caprice, but from a necessity created by the peculiar character of our present music. But this diatonic scale contains also all the necessary elements for musical expression. In its tonic and the chord built upon it, it contains the momentum of rest; its six other sounds, together with their octaves, offer a variety of melodious combinations, and the near related chords of the dominant and subdominant present a means of bringing motion and life into the harmony also.

Thus, then, our present system of sounds, far from being the production of an arbitrary whim, is but a natural consequence of the organism of our art, and based upon those laws which form the fundament of art itself. That the same is the case with regard to the present system of our harmony I shall endeavour to show to you in my next.—Your affectionate
TEUTONIUS.

THE VERNON GALLERY.

In reference to Mr. Vernon's magnificent present to the British public, the able and fearless critic who superintends the department of fine arts in the *Morning Chronicle*, makes the following observations in Tuesday's paper:—

"The collection of paintings by British artists, so munificently presented to the nation by Mr. Vernon, has, after a long delay, been removed from the residence of that gentleman in Pall-mall, and is now stowed away in a compartment on the basement floor of the National Gallery in Trafalgar-square, where the public are freely admitted to view them as well as they can, and to indulge in those general speculations upon the prospects of art in this country which such a collection so located may suggest. We were amongst those who, despite the rainy weather, visited the singular building sacred to the memory of the late professor of architecture to the Royal Academy, curious to know what beauties, what recesses as yet unknown to fame, it might comprise.

"On our entering the sombre hall, a placard pointed out to us a dark staircase, which led to the dull abyss to which the British school of the National Gallery had been consigned. Arrived at the bottom, we found ourselves in a sort of a large kitchen, or servants' hall, some thirty feet square, and some dozen or thirteen feet high, which was divided in two by a passage or viaduct, pierced with archways right and left at either end. Six windows—three on each side—and the bases of which were about six feet from the ground, threw streams of cold and painful light upon the eye of the astonished beholder. To see the pictures was, in some cases, a matter of impossibility; so ingeniously was the light disposed—falling mercilessly upon the surface of some, to the utter extinction of

the colours beneath, and just skimming some inches off from the surface of others (those placed laterally), leaving them in utter darkness. As an instance of the former kind we will point to Hilton's large picture, No. 105, which, we are told by the catalogue, represents "Edith discovering the dead body of Harold on the field of battle," and of the latter to Wilkie's little gem, No. 507, "The Piper," which, though only a few feet from the window, is almost inscrutable to the closest gaze from the darkness in which it is buried. In the dark viaduct we have already mentioned there are eight or ten pictures more favored than the rest, inasmuch as they are altogether removed from the influence of these extraordinary atmospheric effects, and by the aid of a candle might probably be inspected with tolerable advantage.

"Disappointed of seeing the pictures, the eye wanders recklessly about, and through the windows, on either side, contemplating, on the one hand, the towering Nelson statue; on the other, the red-brick chimney of the newly-built washhouses for the poor; and we exclaim, despondingly, "Such are thy monuments, oh Art, in England!"

"The above is no exaggeration. It would be impossible for the most ingenious Marcell to contrive a place less adapted for the exhibition of works of art than this miserable black-hole of Trafalgar-square. Looking around it again and again, we are more and more at a loss to imagine what could have been the original intention in the construction of this apartment, and with what views the trustees of the National Gallery could have selected it as the depository of the interesting collection of pictures recently presented to the nation. Probably they considered that pictures, like wine, improve with age, and should be kept in the cellar in the interim. But, surely, if such were their impressions, a proper consideration of the feelings of the artists, and of the public taste, would have pointed out the propriety of turning the pictures with their faces to the wall!

"The melancholy exhibition which the newly-opened room in the National Gallery presents, must, at least, point out the propriety of something being done to redeem the error of the past, and to provide for the erection of a building capable of affording decent house-room to such a collection of pictures as the country has a right to aspire to the possession of."

As we have transferred them to our own columns, it is unnecessary to say that we entirely agree with the spirit of these remarks, which, severe as they may appear to those who have not well considered the matter, are nothing more than called for. Let us hope that the other morning papers may treat the matter in the same uncompromising style. Nothing but agitation can induce reform. We wonder that Charles Rosenberg has not already launched one of his "thunderers."

A PARAGRAPH FOR D. R.

Glasgow, October 24.

DEAR D. R.—I have cut the following out of a paper here, the *Glasgow Citizen*, and forward it to you, in the hope that with your abundant lore and searching acumen you will be able to pick a hole in it.

"FAMILIES OF LITERARY MEN."

"With the exception of the noble Surrey, we cannot point out a representative in the male line of any English poet. The blood of beings of that order can be seldom traced far down, even in the female line. There is no English poet, prior to the middle of the eighteenth century—and, we believe, no great author, except Clarendon and Shaftesbury—of whose blood we have any inheritance among us. Chaucer's only son died childless. Shakspeare's line expired in his daughter's only daughter. None of the other dramatists of that age left any progeny; neither did Raleigh, nor Bacon, nor Cowley, nor Butler. The grand-daughter of Milton was the last of his blood. Newton, Lock, Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Hume, Gibbon, Cowper, Gray, Walpole, Cavendish, (and we might greatly extend the list,) never married. Neither Bolingbroke, nor Addison, nor Warburton, nor Johnson, nor Burke, transmitted their blood."

How about Shelley, Byron, Scott, Thomas. Eagles (author of *Brendallah*), Lord John Russell, Lord Leveson Gower, &c.?

How (to go further back) about Lord Chesterfield, and (still further) Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Sir John Suckling, Lord Rochester, Sir Thomas More, Sir Walter Raleigh, &c.?

And how (to return to present times) about Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton? I am quite ignorant myself, but trust you will enlighten me by one of your lucid and witty essays.

YOUR GLASGOW CORRESPONDENT.

WINCKELMANN'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART.

(Translated from the German.)

BOOK I.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 676.)

OF THE ORIGIN OF ART, AND THE CAUSES OF ITS DIFFERENCE IN DIFFERENT NATIONS.

CHAP. II.

I. THE second chapter of this book, namely, that concerning the material in which works of sculpture have been wrought, shows at the same time the different steps by which the art has advanced. Thus it began with clay (a), then there was carving in wood and afterwards in ivory, and finally people turned their attention to stones and metals.

II. Even the old languages indicate clay as the first material of art; for the work of the potter, and that of the image-maker or sculptor are indicated by the very same word. In the time of Pausanias there were clay figures of the deities in different temples; as at Tritæa in Achaia (b); in the temple of Ceres and Proserpine. Thus Amphitryon too, who entertained Bacchus and the other gods, stood in a temple of Bacchus at Athens; and in the same city, in the portico called Ceramicus, which was so named from the works in clay (c), stood Theseus, as if he had just plunged Sciron into the sea, together with Aurora carrying off Cephalus—both works in clay. Even in the ruins of Pompeii four statues of burned earth have been found, which are preserved in the museum of Herculaneum. Two of these, somewhat less than the size of life, represent comic figures of different sex, with masks over their heads, while two others, somewhat larger than nature, represent Æsculapius and Hygea. A bust of Pallas, of the size of life, has also been discovered there, with a small round shield on the left breast. These images were sometimes painted with a red color (d), such as we also find in a male earthen head discovered in the ancient Tusculum, as well as in a small figure dressed like a senator, and of one piece with the socle (e). Behind the socle stands the name of the figure, CRVSCVS (f). The washing of the face with this color is especially mentioned with respect to the figures of Jupiter, and there was one of the kind at Phigalia in Arcadia (g). Pan also was painted red (h), and this is still the case with the Indians (i). It seems that the surname of Ceres, *φαιδωνομήα*, (red-footed) is derived from this source.

III. Afterwards, both in the flourishing period of art and when that had passed, clay remained the first material of the artists, partly in works of relief, partly in painted vessels. The former were not only employed in the friezes of the temples, but served also as models to the artists. That these might be multiplied they were cast in a mould previously prepared. The frequently recurring relics of one and the same subject furnish a proof of what I say. These casts were copied anew by the modeller, as may be plainly seen, and the model was sometimes fastened to a rope, and hung up in the artist's workshop; for some of them have a hole in the middle (j).

IV. The old artists not only prepared models, which were used for their work and in their workshops, but in the most flourishing period of art they sought to display themselves publicly in works of clay, as well as of marble and brass, and continued even a few years after the death of Alexander the Great, namely in the time of Demetrius Poliorcetes, to present models of this sort to the general view. This was the case partly in Boeotia, partly in the cities about Athens, and principally at Plataea, at the festivals which were celebrated in memory of Dædalus, one of the first artists (k). These publicly

exhibited models, besides the emulation which they kept up in works of this kind among the artists themselves, caused the judgment of others as to their skill to be more correct and profound, since modelling in clay is to the sculptor what drawing on paper is to the painter. For as the first produce of the pressed grape is the finest wine, so does the purest and most genuine spirit of the artist appear in the soft material and on paper; while, on the other hand, in a complete picture and a finished statue his talent is concealed by the elaboration and the requisite colouring. Since this work was always highly esteemed by the ancients, it happened that when Corinth rose from the ashes, by means of a colony sent thither by Julius Cæsar, the works in clay as well as in brass were sought out among the ruins of the destroyed city, and among the tombs. We are informed of this by Strabo, who hitherto does not seem to have been clearly understood. For if his interpreter, Casaubon, whom others have followed, had formed a distinct notion of the information, he would have translated the *τορευματα οστρακικά* of that writer not by "testacea opera," but by "anaglypha figulina;" since *τορευματα*, as I shall afterwards show, signifies "works in relief." The respect for works in clay is now confirmed by experience, and it may be laid down as a general rule that nothing bad of this sort is to be found; which is more than can be said of the works in relief in marble.

SELECT. VARIORUM. NOTIS.

(a) The oldest artists also worked in bitumen. Dædalus made a statue of Hercules out of this material, as a mark of gratitude to the latter for burying his son, Icarus. Yet Pausanias says of this very statue that it was of wood. Junius, too, forgets bitumen, when he enumerates the different materials of the ancient statues.—Paus. vii. 22.

(b) Fea says that this temple, according to the words of Pausanias, was dedicated only to the Dii Majores, but not to the goddesses, as Winckelmann has understood. Pausanias speaks of the temple of the *καλονομενων μεγιστων θεων*, which may be understood of both gods and goddesses, though Paus. (viii. 5) expressly calls the latter *μεγαλας θεας*.

(c) Ceramicus was the name of a street in Athens, in which this and other porches were situated. The hall, purposely so called, took its name, not from the works in clay, with which it was decorated, but from Ceramicus, the son of Bacchus and Ariadne. Pliny derives the name from the workshop of Chalcosthenes (who wrought in clay), which is found there. Another place of the same name, which lay outside Athens, was appropriated as a burial place for those who fell in battle.—Fea. Instead of "in the portico called Ceramicus," it should be: "on the roof of the royal hall in the Ceramicus."—Siebille.

(d) Vermilion was used because this was a lively and favorite colour.—Fea.

(e) This figure was found at Velletri, in June, 1767.—Fea.

(f) Both these works were in Winckelmann's possession.—Meyer. A small figure, painted in the same manner, and representing a Fury, and likewise found in the district of Velletri, came into the possession of the Borgia family.—Fea.

(g) Pausanias speaks not of a figure of Jupiter, but of a figure of Bacchus in the temple of Phigalia.

(h) Fea cites Herodotus to show that probably Pan was also painted red by the Egyptians. This may be true, but the passage (ii. 46) proves nothing of the kind. Voss, in his notes to Virgil's Eclogues, thoroughly treats of vermilion and the colouring of figures.—Meyer.

(i) Among the Æthiopians, not only are the deities coloured with vermilion, but the leaders of the people paint themselves with it likewise. The Egyptians likewise sometimes washed their idols with this colour, as may be seen by a picture of the Museum Herculaneum, while the fact is confirmed by the Museum Borgianum. At Rome the practice of colouring statues of the gods lasted till the days of Arnobius.—Fea.

(j) In one of these frieze ornaments, which represents a female holding the *cista mystica*, and which belonged to the Abate Visconti, may be seen three holes, to which a fourth should correspond, but this is wanting because the work is somewhat broken. The number and form of the holes plainly show that they were made on purpose that the bas-reliefs might be fastened with nails to the wall. Besides, these heavy clay models could not have been held by a rope in the artist's workshop.—Fea.

(k) Dicaearchus (here cited) is speaking of the potters at Athens, who

were wont, at festivals, to exhibit their works in clay. At the festival of Dædalus, in Plataea, fourteen wooden statues were exhibited in memory of Dædalus, who had worked in this material, as Mursius proves by the unanimous testimony of the ancients. — *Fea.* an et dno in inangbut

THE BARDIC FESTIVAL AT ABERGAVENNY.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE interest which is taken, not only by every Welshman, but by the most eminent men of all civilised nations in the proceedings of this festival, renders it not only interesting as an event to be recorded as one of the signs of the times, but is also highly gratifying to every one who feels any pleasure in the progress of those arts which it is the peculiar province of this society to foster. As the expression "Bardic Festival" conveys but a vague idea (to the general reader) of the exact purposes of this society, it may be necessary at once to observe, that the Eisteddfod is an association established for the preservation of the ancient language, history, and poetry of Wales, and also for the encouragement of works of art and of music. With regard to this latter branch of art, we should add, that by the expression "music," in this association the term more peculiarly signifies the music of the country,—her ancient melodies, and her truly national instrument, "the harp of Wales." We were delighted to find that in addition to these, that the Eisteddfod is beginning to pay some attention to the harmonised lays of its mountain minstrels, who gave a very charming variety to the events of the meetings by some well sung glees and airs, arranged for several voices. Eisteddfods have been held from the earliest periods of our history in various parts of North and South Wales; but of modern associations of this kind, few, if any, have ever been attended with so much success as this Eisteddfod, to which it is now our pleasing task to solicit attention. For the convenience of our English readers, we may mention that the word Eisteddfod is pronounced as if written *Eistethood*, literally meaning a "sitting," or "session" of learned men. The fifteenth Eisteddfod of the Abergavenny Society was held on the 11th and 12th of October, at the hall, expressly built for this purpose. "Lamartine" (to quote an excellent contemporary), in his history of the Girondists, has remarked that as shadows assume the shapes of the mountains over which they pass, so men are frequently stamped with the character of the age in which they are born, and are endowed with those faculties which may be required for the service of their country. As Lamartine has said of the public men in France of the last century, so we may remark of the cymreigyddion of Wales, it is the reflex of the national character, and possesses all those elements which are required for the service of Wales.

Amongst the many visitors to this festival we were glad to observe some of the most distinguished men of the day—men eminent for their scientific and literary productions. In addition to these were others enjoying an exalted position as the representatives of monarchy, together with those who as members of our own aristocracy shed a lustre upon their order by partaking in common with the well-wishers of civilisation an earnest and sincere gratification in the proceedings of this association. As the events of the meetings are of very great length we must at once commence with a review of them.

The President of this Eisteddfod was Col. Kemys Tynne, M.P., and one more efficient, more zealous, and more courteous would perhaps have been a matter of difficulty to select. As a great deal of the éclat attendant upon such an assemblage depends upon the president, the Society has ample

cause for congratulation in having found one so capable. The chairman was supported by the Marquis of Northampton, the Turkish Ambassador, and the Chevalier Bunsen. Amongst the numerous visitors we observed Lord Fielding, Lord Henry Loftus, Sir John Guest, Sir Charles Salisbury, Sir Velters Cornhill, Sir Rob. Brownrigg, and Hallam, the celebrated historian. A brilliant assemblage of ladies added to, or rather shed a lustre upon, the effects of a scene, at once imposing from its nationality, and interesting from the circumstances so peculiarly attached to a festival of this kind. As it would be unpardonable in a record like this to omit the ladies, we must mention the names of the Princess Callimaki, Lady Hall, Lady Charles Somerset, Lady Morgan, the Viscountess Fielding, Lady Guest, &c.

Lady Hall requires especial notice, as being, to use a common term, the *main-spring* of the Society. To the nationality of this lady, the principality must ever be indebted. Her energy and industry have long been themes of general admiration. Lady Hall wore the ancient picturesque dress of the country, and, in compliment to her, the costume of Wales was on this occasion selected by many a fair dame. Indeed, so charmingly did the dress become them, that, to quote an observation of the gallant President, "if they only knew how effective it looked, he very much questioned whether they would ever adopt any other." The business of the Eisteddfod was heralded from "early morn" by merry peals from the church bells and by repeated discharges of cannon. At twelve the procession, which was very numerous, returned to the Hall. Prior to this the deputation had delivered an address to the President. At the Hall the rush was perfectly terrific, though, happily, no limbs were broken. As many of our readers may probably wish to obtain a glimpse of a procession so national, we here add the details.

ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

Leek (of a monster size).
A fine Welsh Goat, with Horns decorated.
Banner—white field, feathers, and motto.
Welsh Crown and inscription:
"EIN TWYSOG EIN HERNAIN,"
Committee—three abreast.
Flag—"CYMYD DROS BYTH."
(Wales for ever.)
Brass Band.
Odd Fellows' Banner.
Members of Odd Fellows' Society, four abreast.
Banner.
Emblazoned Shield—motto, "WALES," in old Welsh characters.
Car of Harpers, with the President's domestic Harpers in the centre.
Members of the Society, three abreast.
Flag—Welsh Motto.
Printing Press, throwing off copies of the Address to the President.
Banner of Bowworth Field, with the Dragon of Cadwaladr.
Welsh Flannel Loom, in operation.
Banner.
Harpers' Banner.
President's Banner.

President's Carriage, preceded by his Standard Bearer, with the Arms.
A long train of carriages, many of them drawn by four horses beautifully caparisoned, followed the President. The "Leek" (made of silver and ivory) was worn by almost every one, both ladies and gentlemen.

The cortege arrived at the Hall about one o'clock, when the proceedings were opened according to the ancient usage, by sound of trumpets. As the President reached the platform, he was greeted by a chorus of harpers, who played with a vigour that seemed to impress the auditors that the very life of each harper depended upon the exertions of that moment. Just fancy a row (not of four-and-twenty fiddlers), but a

long line of harpers, and each harper having rows of three strings; just fancy all these "giving tongue," to quote Nimrod, at one instant. There was no mistake as to the intent, whatever the deeds were—if there were no deeds, then there were no lack of sounds—then to watch the faces, the heads, bodies and legs of these representatives of an ancient brotherhood. How we wished that some of our friends from the Hanover Rooms were present: if these harpers would not have astonished them, then have we no faith in harping.

Then came the "Song of Praise," sung in solo and in chorus, adapted to the ancient Welsh melody, "The Eisteddfod Song," by Mr. John Parry, to whom by the way, the principality owes many obligations. We need only mention the volumes of airs collected and arranged by Mr. Parry. Colonel Tynte made an admirable address, which we wish we could have introduced here. Alluding to the Chevalier Bunsen, he said, "We have, besides, a very distinguished character present, whom, I am sure, you will all receive with a true Welsh reception—with all the enthusiasm which you can express—the name of my noble friend who sits on my right, who is the representative of a European monarch at the British court. He has laboured before this day in the cause of Wales, in the cause of humanity, and in every cause which it is ennobling to engage. Honour to his name!"—(Loud cheers.) The President also prefaced the name of the Marquis of Northampton with equal felicity. The Rev. Rhys Stephen, of Manchester, quaintly addressed the President thus:—"In one of the decrees of Edward the First, for the government of the Welsh, whom he fancied he had conquered, is this prohibition, 'let no minstrels, bards, or other Welsh vagabonds, be henceforth permitted to overrun the country.' This decree was published about five hundred years ago, when the stranger thought himself entire master of our ancestors, and absolute owner of our soil. He had vast resources at his command; he erected a number of fortresses on the coast; possessed himself of the principal strongholds of the country, and he had effected the downfall of our last Llewelyn; but mighty as he was in means, and unscrupulous in the use of them to carry into effect the projects of his ambition, he was thoroughly mistaken when he thought he could extinguish the love of the *Cymry* for their native mountains and their mother tongue; and behold now, in the town of Abergavenny, so early reduced by the Normans, and so long held by them, on the very spot, five centuries after the statute of the powerful Edward, behold here Welsh "minstrels, bards, rhymers," and I don't know how many other "Welsh vagabonds." (great laughter and cheering.) After many other able speeches the ceremony of adjudicating the prizes began. The judges were the Ven. Archdeacon Williams and Mr. Brinley Richards;—the first of the essays and poems, the latter of the harpers and vocalists. The judges sat upon an elevated platform near the President's chair. The judges of sculpture and drawing were Sir Ben. Hall, W. Williams, Esq. &c. &c.

The first prize (fifteen guineas) was for the best set of singers. There were four different parties. The singing of one party was really very effective, the more especially when it is borne in mind that the singers were all men and women from the neighbouring mountains, many of them simply miners. The judge, in awarding this prize, commented very properly upon the great good likely to be effected by directing the attention of the middle classes to the cultivation of part-singing, "the more especially as this would have a great tendency to do away with many of the present defects in congregational singing." (cheers.)

The Marquis of Northampton rose and said that he had

really been delighted with what he had heard, and as an Englishman he begged to present the unsuccessful competitors with three guineas. This mark of encouragement elicited similar presents from Lady Charlotte Somerset and others.

Prizes of seven and five guineas were given to the second and third parties. For Lady Taunton's prize, for the best female singer, accompanied by the harp, there were three competitors—the subject taken from Parry's "Welsh Harper." A similar number competed for the prize given by the Rev. T. Williams, of Aberpergwm.

The prize of seventy guineas for the best model in plaster, illustrative of Cambro-British History, was awarded to Mr. John E. Thomas, of Brecon. This model attracted very considerable attention.

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

NO. CVII.

IN vain thou seekest perfect liberty,
Being enchain'd to th' eternal ground,
Which closely covers o'er the abyss profound,
Whence every breath of life deriv'd must be.
Breaking small chains, thou shoutest thou art free!
Thy prison-walls are echoing around,
Refuting thee by giving back the sound
Which thou hast utter'd. Whither canst thou flee?
Flee not at all: look o'er thy prison well
With searching, trusting eyes, and thou shalt find
The walls are not of chilly, lifeless stone.
No! with a sympathetic life they swell,
Responding to the pulses of thy mind:—
At root thou and thy prison-walls are one. N.D.

PROGRESSIVE CADENCES.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I should be wanting in courtesy were I not to say one word in reply to Mr. Molineux, who, in his letter of the 21st inst., calls upon me to go through the whole of the system adopted by Vogler in producing the *minor scale* and the *triads* arising from it. I should be very happy to comply with that gentleman's request, but for three reasons.

First—The explanation required would occupy much more of my time than I have to spare, because it involves a more copious description than that given of the formation of the *major scale* and its chords, and I have already scribbled much more upon the subject than I anticipated when I took it up.

Second—I should lay myself open to a demand from any of your subscribers to go into explanations of any and every part of the theory, and should consequently be kept continually employed in writing long and elaborate papers for your journal, which my professional avocations (by which I live) preclude the possibility of.

Third—I do not feel altogether satisfied with the *tone* of Mr. M.'s letter; I am disposed to think him sceptical upon the subject of this theory; in which case it is not the mere explanation of the chords produced from the *minor scale* that would convince him. Were I to go so far to satisfy him in this particular, he might next wish to know how certain discords were produced, and still remaining in doubt, might lead me through the mazes of the whole system, and when fully convinced, might remain "of the same opinion still."

The brief (and, I admit, imperfect) sketch of the Abbé's starting point, which I ventured to obtrude upon the notice of your readers, was only furnished in reply to my friend Aspull's objection to the system; it was merely intended to show that Vogler's theory is based upon a fixed law of Nature, which the old system is *not*, and that it is therefore

imperatively demands a much greater claim upon the consideration of the inquiring musicians as should everything that comes before the public in so unquestionable and unequivocal a form. It was not intended as an answer to every objection that might be made to the system in all its branches, nor did it promise anything more than it actually gave.

Having carried your readers as far as the formation of a *major scale*, and shewn the derivation of THREE DISTINCT KINDS OF TRIAD FROM THAT SCALE, I have, I think, sufficiently established the incontrovertible fact of Vogler's system being deduced from Nature and the resources furnished from her fount, being systematically arranged and classified so as to produce a clear and perfect system, without being obliged to give the *minor scale* and her chords also. If what I have advanced of the *major* is conclusive and satisfactory, it should be taken as an earnest of the rest being equally so; if not, why does not Mr. Molineux make his objections to the portion already given?

Taking a friendly leave of Mr. Molineux I beg to add, I only regret that I have neither the time, opportunity, or ability to undertake the glorious task of convincing the musicians of Great Britain of its purity, its soundness, and its superiority over the other system, and of endeavouring to establish it as the theory generally received and adopted in England. Such a project should only be undertaken, and could only be carried out, by a man who has the admiration, good-will, and entire confidence of the profession—not one who is snarled at by some, abused anonymously by others, affronted by a third set, and moreover told he does not even know sufficient of the common rudiments of music to write a simple student's exercise correctly—not one whom prejudice is carried so far against, that his *very name* is *studiously* kept from certain musical journals (except in the way of advertisement or correspondence, when it is inserted by himself personally), either because his candour is disliked, or that he does not belong to a particular *clique*.

In the absence of such a person, if so great a revolution as the establishment of the VOGLER SYSTEM could be effected, it must be done by co-operation—by the casting aside of all personal feeling and rancorous animosity. All jealousy and prejudice must be eschewed, and must be replaced by UNITY, STRENGTH, and ENERGY, which must be our motto; and I here set the example in reference to the *first word* of the motto by telling Mr. Flowers that although I have tilted with him "many a time and oft," and have received as well as dealt some hard raps in the course of our combats, I have never for a moment in my heart entertained any feeling of *animus* towards him; he has always been the first to wage war, and all I have ever done has been to act upon the defensive, as the last controversy will sufficiently shew. In consequence of that gentleman claiming the invention of certain progressions, I called the attention of your readers to others very similar to them by Vogler. This was the "head and front of my offending," and it is upon record in your journal how I have been "pelted" in return. A libellous, scurrilous, and personal attack was made upon me; my musical *examples* were abused, my knowledge decried and sneered at, and my very personal appearance did not escape censure (being judged according to Lavater!) Now, I sincerely and frankly forgive all this: *first*, because, by nature, I cherish no animosity; *second*, because I have shot many poisoned arrows into the breast of Mr. Flowers and wounded him sorely; and *third*, because I feel that the advocacy of *two men* (which is a step at least towards *unity*) will do more in a month towards calling public attention to Vogler's theory than the bickerings and personalities of fifty

would in a century. I stated in my last letter that I considered Mr. Flowers' efforts to introduce the Vogler theory highly honorable to him, but that I did not approve the means he took to call attention to it (although his melo-dramatically-mysterious and anonymous friend, the *quiet, modest, and retiring* "Organist" has thought proper to *misconstrue* my declaration into "an unwarrantable attack.") I reiterate the flattering part of that declaration with pleasure, and wish it to be understood most distinctly as meant in all sincerity; and let it also be remembered that in thus stepping forward spontaneously to make the first concession, I am guilty of no meanness or truckling; had I been the defeated party I might stand accused of them, but I have (up to the present moment) held the field *undisputed*, and from no *direct* answers being given to the points I have advanced, I have a right to consider myself victorious (not counting, of course, the stray, ill-directed, and feeble pops of "An Organist," &c.); and I consider the best use I can make of my triumph is to turn it to the benefit of my art, by enlisting the abilities of others in its cause by friendly encouragement, instead of feeding dissension and nourishing hostilities.—I am, Sir, yours &c.

JOHN BARNETT.

Clifton House, Cheltenham, Oct. 22, 1848.

[To whom, or to what Mr. Barnett refers when he speaks of his *very name* being kept *studiously* from certain musical journals, we cannot even guess. While remembering Mr. Barnett's open mode of dealing with his antagonists, and believing he would not incline himself to insinuation, we cannot help suspecting that, in alluding to *musical journals*, Mr. Barnett had our journal in his mind's eye, the more especially as *ours* is the only ONE in England. If Mr. Barnett mean us in his insinuation, we simply reply that he is monstrously in error.—Ed. M. W.]

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

It is almost impossible to imagine the change that has taken place among the good people at Plymouth. The theatre, which was formerly deserted, has, under the able management of Mr. Newcombe, become a place of popular and rational amusement for all classes of society. On Friday evening last, the pieces of *Don Cæsar de Bazan* and *Too late for Dinner*, under the patronage of the Mayor and Corporation of Plymouth, were performed to a full and fashionable house. The manager himself played the parts of "Don Cæsar" in the first and "Frank Poppleton" in the second piece. In the former he was completely at home, and threw a joyous rollicking humour into the part that reminded me much of James Wallack, the incomparable (English) original. In "Frank Poppleton" Newcombe was equally happy, and made me regret that the affairs of his establishment prevented his appearing more often before the patrons of it. *Don Cæsar de Bazan* was beautifully put upon the stage, and the "Maritana" of Mrs. Phillips and "Lazarillo" of Miss Aldridge especially deserve favourable notice.

On Tuesday Miss Cushman was engaged for one night to play "Mrs. Haller" and "Meg Merrilies." The upper boxes, pit, and gallery were crammed to suffocation, and there was a tolerable display in the dress circle; but I am inclined to think country managers are very apt to greatly overpay *uncertain* stars, in spite of the excellent house attracted on the present occasion. Miss Cushman's "Mrs. Haller" has been too often criticised for me to make any comment on it, suffice it to say that she was loudly and deservedly applauded, and acted

with her peculiar and wonted energy. She was ably supported by Mr. Phillips as the "Stranger." The popular Emery, as "Peter," drew shouts of laughter from all parts of the house. "Francis" was judiciously played by John Davis (an actor, by-the-bye, of great merit), and the parts of the "Countess" and "Charlotte" found able representatives in Mrs. Phillips and the pretty little Aldridge.

In *Guy Mannering* the "Meg Merrilies" of the talented Transatlantic artiste literally electrified the audience, and she was listened to throughout with breathless attention, save where her situations called forth loud and frequent bursts of applause. Miss Cushman's "make up" is wonderful, and speaking "in the palace of truth" (as somebody says) all others who have previously played the character fall into comparative insignificance. The "Abel Samson" of Emery was well conceived, and his quaint mannerism told immensely. Stirling walked through the little part of "Henry Bertram" with gentlemanlike ease, and Warde looked the prince of smugglers as "Dirk Hatteraick." I must not omit a word of praise to Miss Horn-castle, who played "Lucy Bertram" in *Guy Mannering* very nicely, and sang "I have a silent sorrow here," in the *Stranger*, with much sweetness. T. E. B.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

COVENT-GARDEN.—The *Sonnambula* has brought tolerably crowded houses during the week, Mr. Reeves and Mdle. Plunkett being the two chief causes of attraction. The *Haydée*, announced for Saturday, is postponed till Monday, and Mdle. Nissen is to make her *début* on Thursday. The chief parts of *Haydée* will be sustained by Miss Lucombe, Whitworth, and Reeves.

HAYMARKET.—The only novelty at this house during the week has been the *Patrician's Daughter*, which made its first appearance at the Haymarket on Monday evening. It was specifically got up for Miss Laura Addison, that young lady having obtained great applause by her performance of the heroine therein at the Sadlers' Wells last season.

Mr. J. Westland Marston, a name not unknown to literature, is the author of the *Patrician's Daughter*. The play has been already noticed by us in our report of its first performance at the Sadlers' Wells; but, while refraining from entering again into a minute analysis of the plot or characters, we shall take leave to direct attention to a few points which struck us forcibly on Monday, and which escaped us at the first representation.

And first, a few words as to the general impression the play, or rather tragedy, of Mr. Marston, left upon our minds. While reminded frequently of the poet, we for the most part lost sight entirely of the dramatist. The author seemed desirous rather to convey sentiments ethical and philosophical through the mouths of his personages, than to make them express themselves in the language of passion. The first three acts are dramatically weak, and though not spun out to any length, are tedious. The two last acts, as containing more incident, and as tending more to advance the *dénouement* of the story, are by far the best of the play. This is a great merit. The incident by which the climax is brought about, is questionable, both as to its truth and its effect.

Mr. Marston sins dramatically in the very first scene as regards the character of his heroine. The first words Mabel utters in her dialogue with her father, inclines us to consider her a Plato in petticoats, for while propounding her own feelings as to what she considered love should be under certain circumstances, she delivers them with such rhetorical flourishes, and weighs them with such scholastic subtlety, as becomes a

Corinne, rather than an Amanda. Had Mr. Marston intended to have exhibited his heroine as one deeply read, versed in philosophy, and practised in metaphysics, the development of her character in the first scene would have been most felicitously begun; but what are we to think of the poet, or of the character he drew, when we find Mabel in the very next scene represented as an amalgamation of Lydia Languish and the female Quixote? Now, we cannot accuse Mr. Marston of a confusion of ideas in understanding his own conception, but we contend that, by his want of art in truly colouring the character of Mabel, he has raised the discrepancy we have just noticed. Still further, we conceive the character of Mabel to be a mistake, or an error from beginning to end. The author, doubtless, at first imagined his heroine placed in that sphere of life which is hedged round with pride, the denizens of which, popularly speaking, are supposed to look with supreme contempt on all beneath them, save for the purposes of interest. Then was imagined a father towering in the pride of birth, haughty and as inaccessible as the father-peak of the Cordilleras; a daughter, high and proud as her father, but mellowed into softness by love, though still possessing something in her softness of the arch-fiend of pride. Then was imagined a youth of lowly birth, endowed greatly by nature, who owed all his advancement in life to his talents and industry. These were to have been the prominent features of Mr. Marston's picture, when he projected the play of the *Patrician's Daughter*—its very name implies as much—yet little of these imaginings do we find brought out. The *Patrician* appears neither high nor haughty, and the daughter has no more pride than, under the circumstances, might truly be speculated of a village maiden, who had never dived into the ethics of life beyond the doctrine of respect and self-esteem. It appears to us, that, of the three principal personages of the drama, the one which was considered least at first, *in progressu*, became at length that which absorbed the best endeavours of the author. The character of Mordaunt is admirable throughout; and bating, that he himself is something too rugged, and addicted to displays of oratory, he is drawn with dramatic skill. The incident which brings about the *dénouement* is not very happy. A young lady, under the effects of extreme illness, and pronounced by the attendant physician to be in a very precarious state, who is so weak as to require her servants' continued support, and who looks and acts as if she had not five minutes to survive, to be allowed, in despite of her doctor and servants, to leave the house of her father for that of her lover, is too preposterous a supposition. It is nothing to the question to say, that it was true nobility of feeling that caused Mabel to drag herself to die in her lover's house—nothing—but would the doctor have allowed her to go? Would Abernethy, or Sir Anthony Carlisle? Would the nurse have allowed her to budge—would Mrs. Gamp? Ask Dickens. Would the servants stand by to behold their fainting mistress go out to die in the streets? Would the coachman have sat on the box, or the footmen opened the doors and let down the steps? No; and if they did, how could she, poor weakling, have got in without being bundled like a roll of silk from Swan and Edgar's? There is something curious in this incident. Any thing half so much opposed to the course of natural events would not be endured in comedy. It is somewhat paradoxical, that, in dramatic matters, the public should make less allowance when we are joking, than when we are serious. So much for Mr. Marston's play, which, notwithstanding all we have said, is, in our opinion, a work of great poetic, and in some respects, of great dramatic excellence.

We were better pleased with Miss Laura Addison in the character of Mabel than in that of Juliet. The part is better suited to her capacity and powers. She produced much effect in the last act, which was decidedly the best thing she did in the play; although even there she has something to learn from art and observation. For instance, when Mabel, with her dying breath is taking leave of her lover, when her eye grows dim, her head droops, her voice fast fades into silence, her limbs quiver with the last struggles of existence, all of which are exhibited in Miss Laura Addison's acting with no mean power, the simple fact of her holding her hands without an effort over her lover's head, takes away from the reality of the scene. Miss Laura Addison should remember that arms die as well as lips and eyes; and that art consists in rendering nature in its entirety, and not in its parts and parcels.

Mr. Creswick hardly pleased us in Mordaunt. He is no Love's Bullfinch—he cannot pipe sweetly even for the teaching. We prefer Mr. Creswick in his illustration of any other feeling than that or those which appertain unto Master Dan Cupid.

Mrs. W. Clifford was admirable in the small part of the Patrician's sister. In short, so out-and-out an excellent and truthful piece of serious acting we have not witnessed for a very long time. Mrs. Clifford's last scene is positively a master-piece.

Mr. Rogers filled the part of Patrician with his usual tact; and the other characters were well sustained.

LYCEUM.—Mr. John Reeve, son of the John Reeve, appeared at this theatre on Wednesday, in a new piece written for the occasion. Mr. John Reeves had previously, some few seasons since at the Surrey Theatre, made his initiative essay in the metropolis. At that time he was thought much of by his fellow actors, and a favorable report was made of him by the press. He has since then been making a tour in the provinces, no doubt with the view of perfecting himself in that department of his profession in which his father had made himself so famous, and which, by study and perseverance, might lead him to step into his progenitor's shoes. But Jack Reeves' shoes are most difficult to be worn, (though any one may put his foot in them that tries,) being massy, deep, peculiar, quaintly fashioned, and very pointed, so that, even though they fitted the wearer, we question if he would be greatly admired in them. We do not think that Mr. John Reeves has attempted this feat. His style differs considerably from that of his father; nevertheless many excellent judges have traced many similitudes and paternal resemblances, which we confess escaped us.

Mr. John Reeves will prove a most welcome addition to the stage as a light comedian. His appearance is favorable. He possesses a capital comic face, and has a good figure. His eye indicates much humour, and his laugh is excellent. He labored a little at first from nervousness and anxiety, but he soon shook off all appearance of restraint, and won the favor of the audience. He was received with much applause, and heartily cheered throughout his performance.

The farce in which Mr. Reeves appeared was called *My Father did so before me*, a poor piece of conceit—the name, we mean—put forth to catch the praises of the mob, and which reflected but little credit on the management of the theatre, and was no way worthy of the actor's abilities. The world is hardly so easily gulled as it was wont to be, and, were it so, this is no likely mode of seizing on its weakness. The piece itself also is worthless, and we were sorry to see Mr. John Reeves come out in such an insipid part. We cannot praise the Greenwich fair song that was introduced in the Countess's

drawing-room, although it was dashed off with great spirit and drollery by Mr. Reeves, and received with cheers.

Mrs. Yates and Mrs. Fitzwilliam had their usual parts allotted them; the one being a countess, and the other a chamber-maid.

Mr. Reeves was called for at the end, and received with enthusiasm.

PRINCESS'S.—The management adheres to the *Leoline*. Nothing else has been performed since the first representation. Mr. Charles Braham, we are pleased to say, is more at home on the stage than on his first appearance, and gains ease and a knowledge of stage tactics with every subsequent performance. Next Monday Mademoiselle de Roissi appears as Norma. We question the policy of this movement on the part of the manager. Norma is a character that taxes the very loftiest talent to give it due effect. It is not very likely that a part in which Jenny Lind failed to establish her fame will produce for the fair debutante from the French Academy any great amount of favour with the English public. Mademoiselle de Roissi may or may not be a Grisi—we never heard of her before she appeared in Mr. Maddox's bills—but nothing less will satisfy a British audience. But we would ask of the Princess's manager, is there any necessity for his flying to serious Italian opera? Is it not rather a hazardous tempting in the face of comparisons? If Mademoiselle de Roissi succeed even as well as Grisi, *Norma*, having been better done at the Royal Italian Opera, will be no novelty at the Princess's. Mr. Maddox has plenty of materials to work to good account with; but he will never attain the greatest success if he persists in that most unwise policy of producing Italian operas with English artists, which never answered yet with any manager or in any theatre. A word to the wise. We would advise Mr. Maddox to get up some opera for Mr. Charles Braham, in which he would have more than one ballad to sing, and we pledge ourselves, the music being good—it may easily be superior to that of *Leoline*—that he will enlist the audience thereby on his side more than by forty Italian operas.

But we shall wait till next week; for who knows but after all Mademoiselle Roissi may turn out a Grisi!

For Edward Loder's new opera we wait with much impatience. The libretto, we understand, is founded on the tale of *Agnes and Raymond* in Lewis's *Monk*. The story is much softened from the original, else would it not find favour with the public. We trust the opera will soon be put into rehearsal.

ADELPHI.—Mr. Hudson has been the star of this week. Irish pieces are in the ascendant, and the banner of the Adelphi waves to victory under the emerald hues of Erin. Next week a change comes over the spirit of her dreams. Madame Celeste and Wright appear, and then shall the genius of the Adelphi appear like Siddons in the picture, alternately swayed by tragedy and comedy. Lots of novelties are announced.

OLYMPIC.—*Catharine and Petruccio* has been excellently got up at this house. Mrs. Stirling makes an excellent "Kate," and Mr. Vining comes off with flying colours as "Petruccio." A new piece called *Jeannette and Jeannot*, abstracted from the popular song of Glover, appears in the bills.

MARYLEBONE.—The veteran T. P. Cooke has been starring it with immense success at this theatre. Last week he performed every night in his favourite part of "William" in *Black-eyed Susan*; and this week he is appearing nightly as "Tom Hallyard" in Haines' drama of *My Poll and my Partner Joe*. The theatre has been well attended.

JENNY LIND IN DUBLIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Dublin, Oct. 25th.

As I see, by your last number, that you have published copious extracts from the Dublin papers about the recent engagement of Mlle. Jenny Lind, I have thrown into the fire an article which I had composed expressly for your publication, and which, now, of course, would be superfluous. At the same time, I must confess (with more candor than delicacy, if you will), that I consider your reprints of long criticisms from provincial papers, with whose opinions your own may possibly be at utter variance, on subjects already worn to tatters by the critics of London, if not quite absurd, at least injudicious. What amusement can the readers of the *Musical World* derive from a perusal of the extraordinary notions of music and the opera entertained by the critics of *Saunders' News Letter* and the *Freeman's Journal*, who have about as much idea of these matters as the "Great Sea Serpent," recently seen for the second time in a latitude and longitude aqueously impossible? What instruction or what edification can they derive from a long "provincial" analysis of operas like the *Sonnambula*, or the *Figlia*, with the details of which they have been dosed *ad nauseam* for an indefinite number of years? You should have spared your readers this infliction of Hibernian newspaper eloquence. The letter I had prepared for you was wholly confined to facts; nor did I attempt to criticise what you have already criticised so often and so ably; it would therefore have served your purpose better, and bored your readers less.

As the extracts from the *News* and the *Journal* only alluded to two of the operatic performances, I send you a few notes to make your record complete.

There were altogether six performances at the theatre, and one concert at the Rotunda. On Tuesday the 10th inst. *La Sonnambula* was given; on Thursday the 12th, *I Puritani*; on Saturday the 14th, *Lucia*; on Tuesday the 17th, *La Figlia dell' Reggimento*; on Thursday the 19th, *La Sonnambula*; on Tuesday the 24th, *La Figlia*. The concert took place on Saturday the 21st. The audiences on all these occasions were very great, and perhaps Jenny Lind has nowhere produced a more favourable impression than in Dublin. The operas most in vogue, however, were the *Puritani* and the *Figlia*; the musicians and connoisseurs liked the former, the people liked the latter: of course I allude to Jenny Lind's performances in each. The greatest novelty, and indeed the only absolute novelty to Dublin, being *La Figlia*, that opera drew the most immense audiences, such audiences indeed as I have rarely seen congregated within the walls of a theatre. Paddy's enthusiasm for the "Nightingale" was unbounded. Three and four times of a night was she led on by M. Roger, after the fall of the curtain, to make her obeisance to her worshippers. The *furor* was quite Irish—in other words a Neapolitan *furor* could hardly have gone beyond it. The mob were insensate; the scene was, night after night, as the *saturnalia* of infuriated bacchanals. But *La Figlia*, as I have already hinted, bore away the bell from all the other operas, and the zealous and lively Maria completely sent into shade the sorrows of *Lucia*, and strange to say, the loves of Amina herself, in which everywhere else Jenny Lind has achieved her most complete successes. The truth is the *Sonnambula* was too familiar to the Dublin public, and the recent appearance of Grisi as Amina had made an impression not to be effaced without some trouble. I state this as a simple matter of fact, not presuming to institute a comparison between the two great artists, a task to which I find myself altogether incom-

petent. I leave that for your superior taste and critical sagacity.

The reception accorded to the other singers, Jenny Lind's comrades, was generous and warm. Roger made a very deep impression. His Edgardo and Elvino were considered perfect; these were rated as his best parts; but his highly natural acting in Tonio, and his refined and musician-like singing in Arturo did not fail to find numerous appreciators and admirers. Frederic Lablache was doubly welcomed, as a clever intelligent artist, and an old and deserved favorite. Belletti was highly praised for his artistic qualities.

When Balfe appeared in the orchestra he was received by his countrymen with a loud burst of applause, and cries from the "gods" of "Balfe! we may be happy yet!" "Remember me!" &c. &c., in allusion to some of his very popular ballads, which have already, in the lifetime of their composer, attained the position and dignity of national airs, so widely are they known and so universally are they sung, played, hummed, whistled, and what not. With the co-operation of Messrs. Levey, Mackintosh, and other members of the Philharmonic and Ancient Concert orchestras, which your friends Russell and Pigott conduct so well, Balfe was enabled to concoct an excellent and complete orchestra, the talent of his own men (the flower of Mr. Lumley's band in London) being notorious, and requiring no eulogy at my hands. The chorus was also efficient, numbering about thirty-five in all—twelve (from London) belonging to the wandering *troupe*, and the others natives of Dublin.

The concert at the Rotunda was crammed; about 1200 persons were present. Jenny Lind's Swedish melodies made a *furor*, but the connoisseurs were most delighted with her "Dove sono," about which your Glasgow correspondent has not said a word too much. The other features of the concert (including the singular trio for voice and two flutes, from the *Camp of Silesia*, which was encored, more for its oddity than for any beauty that we Irish could find in it) were almost similar to the performances at the concert in Glasgow, so minutely criticised by your Scottish correspondent, with whose opinions, by the way I for the most part agree; I need not, therefore, add more than that all passed off well, and almost every piece was greeted with the cordial applause of the audience.

At the last operatic performance the scene was one of great excitement; after Jenny Lind had appeared three times before the footlights, accompanied or unaccompanied by Roger, as the case might be, and a fourth time in response to a call for Balfe, all was thought to be over and the crowd was beginning to disperse. A "Paddy" from the higher regions, however, was not yet satisfied, and vociferated, with lungs that would not have disgraced Stentor of old, "One cheer more for Jenny Lind!" which was of course responded to with the utmost readiness by the house. This gave rise to a succession of calls for "cheers," that answered each other from either side of the gallery like the artillery of opposing hosts or the double choruses of Handel at Exeter Hall and the Norwich Festival. First it was, from one side, "A cheer for Mr. Calcraft!" loudly accepted; then from the other, "A cheer for the Lord Lieutenant!" consummated in a mixed manner by the adherents of contrary politics; then "A cheer for Sir Edward Blakeney!" immensely received; then, "Another cheer for Jenny Lind!" loudly responded to, and lastly, from some unobserved corner of the gallery, "A cheer for her mother!" which thorough specimen of Irish-gallery-wit, was answered by an explosion of applause and laughter that shook the roof. After all, for fun and spirits, there is nothing like it.

an Irish audience. Such an idea as a "cheer for her mother," (which is not without its sentiment) would never have occurred to an English or a Scotch audience.

Thus the first Lind-speculation in Ireland has turned out eminently successful. Mr. Calcraft, the respected manager of our Theatre, expressed his entire satisfaction to me, and assured me that he had reason to be content both with the Grisi and Mario, and with the Jenny Lind speculations. I was not in Dublin at the time of the former engagement, but I see you had a full account from one of your many correspondents here, and as usual, some long-winded rhapsodies from the local papers. Mr. Lumley, and those concerned with him, must have made a rich harvest during their fortnight's sojourn here. The seven performances (including the concert) must have produced little short of £10,000—in spite of Irish beggary—and however extravagant may be the terms of Middle Lind, and however heavy the travelling expenses of the troupe, to say nothing of the engagements of the other artists, the profit, in one fortnight, must have been enormous. I know not what Messrs. Knowles and Glover had to do with the affair, but that they had a finger in the pie seems likely from their presence in Dublin.

To-morrow I am off to Liverpool, whence, if any thing musical occurs, I will send you a line. As I hate long sea-voyages, I shall take the Holyhead boat, which will only give me four and a half hours of water, and at the same time will afford me an opportunity, long desired, of travelling on the new line from Holyhead to Chester, where a good view of some of the Welch mountains, and perhaps a glimpse at the lofty peak of Snowdon, may be obtained.

Chester, October 26,

I am comfortably ensconced in a cosy room of an old inn in this pretty and picturesque city, which Albert Smith has brought so vividly before the general eye in one of his late romances. With the Holyhead rail-road I have been enchanted beyond my powers to describe. Pray send D. R. or Teutonium on a trip to Holyhead, and I promise you that you will have a letter worth reading. Oh that I possessed one atom of the eloquence, one tithe of the observation of either! But, lacking both, I shall not make myself ridiculous by rushing into comparison with my superiors. No attempt, therefore, at describing the varied magnificence of the scenery in which the new line of railroad absolutely revels.

I must tell you one incident of my journey, however, which may possibly amuse you. I left Kingston Harbour in one of the five Holyhead steamers, at 8 o'clock a.m., and, as we ploughed the depths of glorious Dublin Bay, imagine what was my pleasure to discover that almost my only fellow-travellers were Jenny Lind and her entire party, whose successes in Dublin I have just been recording. There they were, sure enough, and I need hardly tell you, that, without being uncivil, I had a good stare at them all; and at the "Nightingale" in particular, to whose expressive physiognomy I have not time at this moment to render justice. The fine weather, the genial sun, the sea unruffled and glassy, the fast sailing (seventeen knots an hour) seemed to put every one in high spirits, and scarcely had we been two hours on our road, when, as if by a spontaneous impulse, Piatti uncased his violoncello, Hermann and Nadaud their violins, Lavigne his oboe, Staglich his horn, and the others their various instruments, until, in a very brief lapse of time, an orchestra, ready martialled, as if at the command of some invisible *baton*, struck up a lively dance tune. Such a band, in such a place, and at such a time, was enough to intoxicate the spirits of the most phlegmatic son of Indifference that ever

had stagnant blood curdling in his veins. Its effect was electric. The idea expressed by a few bars of music, thus forcibly and unexpectedly, was instantaneously comprehended, and a dance improvised "in the twinkling of an eye," which might have been a quadrille, or anything else, for aught I know; but whatever it was, it constituted a scene which I defy all the carnivals that ever took place at Venice, or Naples, or Rome, by moonlight, by sunlight, or by twilight, to surpass, or perhaps to equal. Almost every body danced, and danced a *piacere* with an *abandon* that was irresistible, and a heartiness that allowed no denial of its sincerity. As for Jenny Lind, she not only danced, but out-danced all the rest, and with that pretty caprice which, from all I have heard, so charmingly characterizes her natural temperament, selected for her partners, successively, Madame Roger's *fille de chambre*, and Balfe's *valet de chambre*; the former, a thorough-paced vigorous French maiden, to whom dancing came quite natural, managed (with some difficulty) to keep pace with the animated gyrations of the "Nightingale," but the latter, less expert upon his legs, and one to whom seemingly the Terpsichorean art was a mystery, could not manage the matter at all, and was sadly perplexed to sustain his equilibrium. The effect was not more comic than it was genuine. The humor and frolic of the scene was thus kept up, with unremitting order, for more than an hour. The band played away at waltzes, quadrilles, polkas, and the like, until their arms and lips and fingers must have ached again, while the dancers, never tired, mocked at their fatigue and kept the poor fiddlers at their task until they were fairly exhausted. I need not entertain you with a *critique raisonnée* of the individual choreographic accomplishments of Roger, Balfe, Belletti, and the rest. What I have said is enough to give you some idea of how merrily and how philosophically the time between Kingston and Holyhead was spent, and how the three hours and a half, which constituted an unusually rapid passage, fled away upon the wings of seconds, and at last vanished like a dream.

The present destination of the Lind party is Birmingham. A concert is to be given at the Town-hall, tomorrow (Friday) evening. Adieu, for the present.

YOUR STROLLING CONTRIBUTOR.

SPURIOUS PIANOFORTES.

The following circular has been enclosed to us in print by a subscriber, who requests us to give it a place in our journal; whereupon nowise unwilling to aid industry against imposition, we give it verbatim. It appears to have been issued by the trade as a beacon to warn the unwary. Thus runs the said circular:—

"SPURIOUS PIANOFORTES.—Public attention cannot be too frequently directed to a fraud which appears to be extensively practised in reference to pianofortes, and which is daily on the increase.

"Besides a simulation of the names of the most esteemed manufacturers, a certain number of 'Garret' makers, with fictitious names, 'plant' pianos, with a confederate who may be HATTER, a cabinet maker, a stationer, &c., who invite people by reiterated advertisements to buy an instrument 'by one of the best makers, and having all the recent improvements.' This matchless bargain is to be sold sometimes 'because its owner is about to quit the country,' sometimes 'in consequence of the sudden widowed conviction of its possessor.' Pianofortes in endless succession are supplied from the same inexhaustible stock by 'owners about to quit the country.' This identical fraud has for years continued to be practised in the heart of the metropolis, as well as throughout the provinces, by the same individuals, and it still alike deceives both persons from the country and the proverbially wary Londoners. Showy but valueless instruments are also sent by the dozen to the provincial towns, exhibited in rooms temporarily hired for the purpose—briskly advertised in the local papers, and of course bought 'cheap' by the unwary, in the

belief that they are the genuine manufacture of the parties whose names are forged or simulated on them. Many indeed have been the victims who have regretted that their eyes ever fell upon the attractively-penned advertisement, or the perhaps more attractive-looking instruments.

This most flagrant proceeding, if allowed to gain a head, would soon overwhelm the resources of the best houses in London. Unfortunately the public themselves, in their anxiety to obtain cheap instruments, are the prime movers in the affair, and may be denominated, without exaggeration, as accessories before the fact. How can it for a moment be imagined that Broadwood's pianos, *nearly new*, &c., can be obtained for the money specified in the *Times* advertisements? Why, Broadwood himself would give double the sum demanded for instruments of his make, such as they are described. The thing is so absurd, that it is a miracle any one could be captured with such soft nonsense. We heard an Irishman once avow it his firm conviction, that if the Nassuck diamond were advertised in the *Times* for the sum of three-pence British, there would be found plenty of customers—so much for English gullibility.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PARIS.—(From a Correspondent.)—The *Italiens* has commenced in earnest, though, as yet, nothing astonishing has been effected. The loss of Grisi and Mario is every night more and more felt. Morelli has appeared in Coletti's part in the *Due Foscari*. He has much merit, but it was a lamentable throwing away of resources not to have given the character to Ronconi, as it is acknowledged to be one of that great artist's best parts. Persiani has come back to us, and is more charming than ever. She was welcomed most enthusiastically on her first night; she has been singing splendidly. Castellan has also appeared. The *Elisir d'Amore* afforded us an opportunity of beholding Ronconi in one of Lablache's most unctuous conceptions, the great *Dulcamara*. It is impossible to conceal from ourselves that Lablache's immense size has some reference to the effect he produces. A comic artist must have something in his conformation which inclines to the risible. The assumption of courage in a very little man, or a very big man, knowing its assumption, produces far greater effect on an audience than if it proceeded from a man of moderate stature. Nothing can surpass Lablache in comedy, or rather broad farce. His very conformation is as a huge round O, that makes one open his mouth in laughter. Now Ronconi, in the opinion of many, is a more thorough comedian, but not having any peculiarity of *physique* or *figure*, he owes all his efforts to his real comic powers. His *Dulcamara* was a most delightful performance. What a pity that the managers of the Royal Italian Opera in London did not cast Ronconi for this part. It would have been a great treat to have seen and heard Tamburini and him in the *Elisir d'Amore*. Belcore is one of Tamburini's best comic parts.

At the *Théâtre de la Nation*, Duprez has appeared as Eleazar in *La Juive*. He appears to produce as great an effect as ever. Cerito has created an immense sensation in the new ballet, *La Vivandière*.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PROGRESSIVE FROM MODULATIVE CADENCES CONSIDERED.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—It is never lost time to correct the misapprehensions of those who mislead the diligent enquirer after knowledge, especially when the misleader attaches such importance to his writings as the following language indicates:—"The above remarks and illustrations, with their simple yet conclusive demonstrations, convey all that can be attached to the true and legitimate use of cadence." Not satisfied with this

singular instance of self-approval, this gentleman undertakes to censure a theorist who taught Weber, Meyerbeer, J. B. Cramer, &c., and whose doctrines have been followed by the best modern theorists. Notice well the diffidence of this sentence:—"He (the Abbé Vogler) was a dry and matter-of-fact expounder; that he attempted to reduce poetic beauty in music to the commonest mechanical laws is notorious, and that he failed in doing so is proved by the opinion of every composer from his time to our own. Now, who is this gentleman who ventures to underestimate the master of Weber, &c.?" Why, Mr. William Apoll, who has shown his wisdom by illustrating nine interrupted and deceptive cadences, and presenting musicians with seven incorrect ones; showing, that he does not so much as know the difference between the above cadences, and the perfect cadence; for, positively, seven of them are perfect cadences! It is not discreet to exercise so much assurance when the works of superior men are criticised by their inferiors, nor will the errors just named "convey all that can be attached to the true and legitimate use of cadence." If there had not been one fault in the illustrations of this gentleman, then the first quotation would only prove superficial knowledge, for the use of cadence is not half conveyed by merely pointing out and giving names to a few closes in music. A systematic and severe analysis of cadence leads to questions of the greatest interest to those who admire classical music. This is a new idea, and I have no intention to explain it in this journal, but shall reserve it for my work. It is true that this gentleman cannot be expected to foresee new ideas, but he ought to be careful and diffident, considering the little he knows on the subject he copped with.

I will now inform this gentleman why he displays so much theoretical inaccuracy. It is not that he is mentally deficient, but that having no system to guide him, he, like a ship without a rudder, is tossed about and at length sinks even in the shallowest points of his scientific voyage.

I will conclude this letter next week, so that the proof of what I have advanced may be the better understood, and the length of this letter curtailed.—Yours truly,

FRENCH FLOWERS.

P.S.—Mr. Molineux's question to Mr. Barnett is unanswerable. If Mr. Barnett declines noticing it, I will endeavor to show that neither A. Vogler nor Mr. Molineux have reason for desiring any particular proof respecting the arrangement of either the major or minor scale.

MARIANA BIANCA.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—In perusing a number a few weeks old of your usually very accurate journal, I met with an account of a Mlle. Bianca, a singer at the "Café de la Nation," at Paris, copied from a French paper, and at which your correspondent sneers, considering the account to be a mere fable.

Now, had he taken the trouble to enquire of any person who had lately visited Paris, or, what would have been much better, if he had made himself personally acquainted with the facts of a case which he pretends to decide magisterially, he would have found that the lady actually possesses the wonderful powers attributed to her, though the account of her reception, and the enthusiasm caused by her performance, may be a little tinged with the extravagance peculiar to the French nation.—Your obedient servant,

B. N. C.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—In answer to the enquiries of a correspondent in your last week's journal, I beg to inform him that a society (which will I think in every respect meet his views), meets every Wednesday evening at seven o'clock, for the practice of the symphonies and overtures of all the great masters, under the able direction of Mr. Dando, in the Throne Room, Crosby Hall, Bishopsgate Street, where your correspondent may obtain any further information he may require.—Your obedient servant, AN AMATEUR.

Auction Mart, City, Wednesday, Oct. 25th.

POSITION OF BASES IN THE ORCHESTRA.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I should feel obliged by your inserting the following letter to the Secretary of the Musical Amateur Society. The question mooted therein may find favor in the sight of some of your readers, or may lead to the issue contemplated.—I remain, &c.,

To Henry Leslie, Esq., Honorary Secretary of the Musical Amateur Society.

May I, Sir, be allowed this opportunity of observing that nothing would be more agreeable to myself, in common with many other members of the violoncello department, than to witness a return to the good old system of placing the bases at the bottom of the orchestra, instead

of dispersing them into various disjunctive localities in the mode introduced the last season.

It was my fate to have in my immediate rear the gigantic ophecleide of Mons. Prosper, and on my left flank two energetic professors of the noisy, although effective trombone. The blasts which proceed from these tremendous organs of sound are so awful that I cannot hear myself play. I do not wonder at Lord Milford uttering a complaint and quitting the upper for the infernal region. As we amateurs are supposed to play to amuse ourselves, is it consistent with this notion that we should be subjected to unnecessary discomforts? Should not our ease be consulted in some degree? I would not, however, dwell so much upon this consideration were it clear that the result of this novel arrangement, or rather disarrangement of the orchestra is an improved effect. My firm conviction is, that it is anything but an improvement. I look upon it in its first introduction, whether by Costa or whoever it may be, as a mere conceit emanating in that craving after novelty and change which is so much the characteristic of the day. It is not likely, if this new mode be so superior to the old, that a century and a half should have elapsed without making the important discovery. The argument that a dispersion of the basses into all parts of the orchestra produces a more equal blending of the harmonies is more plausible than solid. To locate the majority or any portion of the basses at the summit of the orchestra in league with the drums and trumpets appears to me as absurd and contradictory as to dream of constructing a house by laying the foundation at the top. The harmony of nature and all the analogies of science are outraged by such a proceeding. The bass is the ground and root of the harmony; it is a distinct element; it is like the foreground of a large and comprehensive picture, which has always the boldest and most prominent touches in front, the lighter shades occupying the background. The contra-bass and violoncelli taken together are as one instrument playing an identical note. They are, therefore, necessarily gregarious, and do not like to be running away from each other; by such a separation the identity and unity of the bass-character is marred and destroyed. They should be heard en masse, for they are a distinct power, and speak their own proper language. The bass is to the treble in music as shade is to light in painting; in each the contrast should be broad and distinguishable. In illustration, what can be more impressive and splendid than the massive effects of some of Handel's basses played by a fraternity of instruments with that energy and sympathetic feeling which is generated by a juxtaposition of the instruments, and so communicated by one to the other. By companionship they support and enliven each other; a weak player and indifferent timist acquires confidence, and becomes effective in the presence of his abler brother; whereas, by separating him from the rest of the flock he loses caste and courage.

I may further observe, that even in a musical sense it is no small affair to please as well the eye as the ear. To this end what can be more symmetrical and pleasing to the eye than the aspect of the contra-bass and violoncelli occupying their legitimate position at the bass of the orchestra, and the treble and other instruments emitting more acute and piercing sounds soaring above.

The melody should float at the top of the harmony, and not sink below it.

I have thought fit, Sir, to make these observations and introduce them to your notice, and to that of the able directors of this excellent society through the medium of this popular journal, hoping that, should they be considered to possess any weight they may not be thrown away, or otherwise, that their weakness may be exposed by some intelligent member or correspondent who may be disposed to publish his opinions on this interesting subject. Believe me to remain, very truly, yours,

TERENTIUS CARRIGAN.

RULES FOR BECOMING A POET.

FROM THE WORKS OF NABI EFFENDI, A TURKISH POET.

MY son, before you attempt to run the painful race of poetry, examine your strength. If you perceive within yourself that divine fire which glows in the bosom of great poets, give yourself up to your genius. First enrich your mind by reading the works of those who have excelled in verse. Nesi and Baki are in the first rank of the Turkish poets. Persia, the fruitful mother of genius, has produced a great number of good poets. What strength and purity in the works of Saib and Kellmi! Ciami, Nouri, and Khakani abound with beauties innumerable and inexpressible. Sali, like the soft nightingale, fills the groves with sounds of melody. Chevet, like the eagle, bears his ambitious wings to heaven. Hafiz sings of love, and the sweet juices of the vine, while Atter aids the

cause of virtue by the sublime precepts of morality. The Arabs have been no less ardent in the cultivation of poetry than the Persians. They have even more of that enthusiasm, that poetic *furor* which seizes, inflames, and elevates the heart. Their style is impetuous: their strong imagination paints every object with force; and their poetry is impregnated with all the warmth of their climate. Their works are like diamonds, that dart a thousand rays; but, to taste their beauty, it is necessary thoroughly to understand their language. Whoever would attain to perfection, should have a consummate knowledge of the Arabic and the Persian. Those two languages are the wings on which a poet must rise into the air; without them he will grovel on the ground.

Would you wish, my son, that your verse should not only be admired by your contemporaries, but pass to posterity, never sacrifice sense to rhyme. Convey some useful truth under some ingenious emblem, or fine allegory. Let your works have a general tendency to promote the virtues of mankind. The garden of poetry is dry and ungenial, if it be not watered with the streams of philosophy.

The greater part of our ordinary poets speak only of lilies, locks of hair, nightingales, and wine. If they describe some imaginary beauty with which they are smitten, they compare her sometimes to the spring, sometimes to an enamelled mead. Her lips are like the rose, and her complexion resembles the jessamine. Cold and servile imitators, their languid imagination supplies them with nothing new. They cannot march except in a beaten path.

Truth, my son, hath no need of severity to make us hear her voice. Never employ your muse in satire. A professed satirist is feared by all mankind: all are apprehensive of the malignity of his pen. He has hatred and envy to encounter, and many reasons to repent his caustic genius.

HAYDN'S EARLY LIFE.

(From *Ainsworth's Magazine*.)

POOR, freezing with cold in a miserable garret, he studied by the side of his old broken harpsicord; the ardour of his genius alone left to animate him in contending with the difficulties of the way. At length, he was fortunate enough to obtain some lessons in Italian singing from his introduction to the family of a Venetian nobleman, Ambassador at Vienna. The famous Porpora was still retained in his household, and Haydn most eagerly sought his favour, in the hope of obtaining also his instruction. Humiliation, and many a "hope deferred," he had to endure; for Porpora was ill tempered beyond conception, and although poor Haydn rose early every morning to brush his coat and shoes, and arrange his wig in the nicest order, in expectation of propitiating him, he had seldom more than the polite epithet of "fool" bestowed on him for his pains. And this was to the future illustrious author of the "Creation." At the age of nineteen, his voice breaking, he was expelled from his class at the St. Stephen's Church, where he had sung eleven years, and his only asylum was in the house of a wig-maker named Keller. Unfortunately his residence there had a fatal influence on his after life; for his host, too desirous seemingly of making ample provision for his young guest, proposed uniting him to one of his daughters, whilst Haydn, engrossed in his studies, having no thoughts of love, made no objection; and afterwards keeping his word with scrupulous honour, the union proved far from happy. On leaving the house of his friend Keller (we do not know for what reason,) for six long years he endured a bitter conflict against penury so piercing, that often during winter he was compelled to lie in bed for want of fuel.

and other necessities. An opportunity at last presented itself of improving his circumstances; for by chance the Prince Esterhazy, a passionate amateur of music, was present at a concert which very opportunely commenced with one of Haydn's pieces. The delight of the prince was unbounded, and he immediately appointed the composer sub-director of his orchestra, and he demanded who he was. Haydn, in fear and trembling, advanced, when the Prince exclaimed, "What, is that the little Moor?" (alluding to his complexion.) Then, addressing him, added, "Go and dress yourself as my chapel-master. You must never appear again in my presence in the plight you are now. You are too little, and have a pitiful looking face. Get a new coat and high heeled shoes, that your stature may correspond with your mind." Haydn was too happy at his appointment to feel much chagrin at this equivocal style of compliment.

PROVINCIAL.

CHELLENHAM.—The concert given on the 16th inst. by Messrs. Hale and Son met with the usual good success. The room was crowded in every part by the *élite* of Cheltenham; among whom were Sir Archibald and Lady Maclean, Lord and Lady De Saumarez, and about 700 of the nobility and gentry. Madame Dulcken performed some new pieces for the first time, in every one of which she was loudly applauded. The splendid piano-forte by "Broadwood," sent expressly for the occasion, could not have been more appreciated or more efficiently set off than by the talented *artiste*. Messrs. Willy and Hausmann performed several solos on their respective instruments; but the great attraction of the day was the inimitable "John Parry," who surpassed any thing we had before heard from him: he sang two new songs—"Out of Town," and "Our Native Land," which, of course, was followed by two others, and with which the audience were delighted; and on leaving the room, seemed to say, "Happy to meet—happy to part—but most happy to meet again."

IBID.—The Morning Concert, at the Assembly Rooms, on Monday last, was much better attended than we were led to anticipate. The *artists* were Madame Dulcken, Mr. Willy, Herr Hausmann, Mr. R. Blagrove, and Mr. John Parry, and had it not been for the last named gentlemen, the concert would have been wholly instrumental. The first part opened with Hummel's celebrated trio in E, extremely well interpreted: piano-forte, Madame Dulcken; violin, Mr. Willy; and violoncello, Herr Hausmann. The performances of Mr. Blagrove on the concertina were exceedingly well received. In the second part we were favoured with one of the lamented Mendelssohn's happiest effusions for the pianoforte, violin, and violoncello. Mr. John Parry and his comic songs are standing favourites in Cheltenham. Who can resist laughing when the "inimitable John" places himself at the piano, and gives an earnest of what is to follow by one of his exquisitely droll looks, and a few notes of his equally droll and original accompaniment. With regard to instrumental music, this is, perhaps, one of the most classical presented in Cheltenham; but still, if there had been no Parry to relieve the monotony of harmonious sounds, many of the benches would doubtless have been empty before the entertainment had been brought to a conclusion.—*Cheltenham Journal*.

BATH.—Mr. Templeton has given two of his very popular entertainments in this city during the past week, at the Assembly Rooms and at the Theatre. The attendance at the theatre, from the inclemency of the weather, was any thing but numerous, and fell far short of the audience this talented vocalist drew together in a neighbouring city, a few days previous. Mr. Blewitt accompanies Mr. Templeton on the piano-forte, and is a humorous comic singer. Mr. Templeton appears again on Monday next, when we have little doubt that he will be liberally patronised. He was the favorite tenor of Malibran; and at Bristol, no musical performance—the appearance of Jenny Lind excepted—has of late years created more excitement.

BRISTOL.—**THE THEATRE.**—On Wednesday night the 18th Mr. Wright appeared as Magog in the standard melodrama of the *Wreck Ashore*, and as Widdington Widgetts in the farce of *How to settle accounts with your Landlady*. In the former piece, Mr. Wright acted that dignified Bumble of the stage, Marmaduke Magog, with great humor. His humor was particularly telling in the scene where Magog, on the occasion of some rural festivities, thinks it right to give a few ethical precepts from the top of a beer-barrel to his "fellow parishioners," and in another, where he fraternises with Jemmy Starling, in a fit of maudlin sentimentality. This clever actor, however, with all his talents, has marked faults;—he

has a great tendency, which he does not always control, to over act and verge on buffoonery. We imagined, too, that Mr. Wright acted somewhat carelessly before an audience which, after being a "spoilt child of fortune" on the London boards, perhaps seemed to him a thin one. But he must remember that if an established actor will slacken his powers before a country audience he must not expect to be fully appreciated. His second performance was better.

HARROGATE.—**MRS. GORDON'S BENEFIT CONCERT.**—This concert took place on Saturday evening week last, and considering that it approached the close of the season, was more successful than could be anticipated. The room was not full, but a number of the better sort was present. The principal vocal performers were Miss E. Grant, and Signor Paltoni,—the principal instrumental performers, Herr Kohler, and the band under the direction of Mr. Julian Adams. Of Miss Grant there can be but one opinion, viz., that she bids fair to achieve no inconsiderable triumph in the musical world. Her voice is musical, if not very powerful, and the amount of artistic execution she throws into the performance, bespeaks alike the capability and taste of the artist. We do not think it was judicious of her to open with "Una voce poco fa." In the grand buffa duet, "Quanto Amore," with Signor Paltoni, Miss Grant delighted us much, though scarcely so thoroughly as in the two following ballads, "Woman's Heart," and "Sound the Pibroch." "Sound the Pibroch" we have rarely heard to such advantage. It met with, as it deserved, an unanimous encore. Paltoni was in good voice, and we think shows evidence of improvement. His "Il Postiglione," was given with humour. Amongst the solo performers, we may instance Herr Kohler on the flageolet, Julian Adams on the pianoforte, Mr. Radford on the violin, and Mr. Phillips on the cornet-a-piston.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISS KELLY.—This once celebrated impersonator of domestic heroines, gave the first of a series of "readings" from Shakspeare, on Monday evening, at the Whittington Club, Crown and Anchor, Strand. The play selected for "reading" was the *Merchant of Venice*. This Miss Kelly went through with much vehemence of gesticulation and violent contrasts of tone, "suited the action to the word," and the word to the action," in such a manner, as to prove beyond a question, that in spite of her enthusiasm she did not altogether understand the text. We can see no use of these "readings" of Shakspeare, by actors who never were known to play in any of his pieces. It is all very well for Mr. Charles Kemble to advertise "readings" of the immortal dramatist, because, though we cannot see the utility of such exhibitions, we are aware that he was renowned as one of Shakspeare's great interpreters upon the stage; but on the part of such persons as Miss Kelly, &c., we think the practice unjustifiable and absurd. Any intelligent person will derive more edification and more pleasure from the perusal of Shakspeare's plays in the closet, than from hearing them declaimed in a lecture room, from the lips of no matter how clever an actor. They were meant to be acted before the foot-lights, it is true, but neither to be preached from a pulpit, or mumbled from an easy chair.

BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.—The arrangements for the 1849 Festival are already proceeding. Impressed with the belief that much may be done to improve the efficiency of the performances, the committee have appointed M. Costa conductor. This alone must materially influence the success of the meeting, to which we look forward with much pleasurable anticipation.

THE OLDEST LETTER-PRESS PRINTER IN ENGLAND.—Died on Thursday s'nnight, aged 99, Mr. Thomas Lambert, printer and bookseller, Colliergate, in this city, the oldest letter-press printer in England.—*York Herald*.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP.—We learn that this eminent vocalist, on leaving the Canadas, where she is creating quite a *furor*, intends going to New York, accompanied by her early preceptor and present music director, the celebrated harpist,

Bochsa. We hear also, that owing to the unsettled and deplorable state of affairs at Naples, Madame Anna Bishop will pass another winter in the United States.—*Colonist*.

LISZT.—While the foreign journals for the last many months have been circulating all manner of tales regarding the "whereabouts," and the occupation of M. Liszt, we learn from the best authority that that distinguished pianist has been quietly doing his duties at Weimar—turning the time of storm to account by steadily devoting himself to composition; and that he is now engaged upon an Italian opera, which it is his intention to finish in the course of the winter.

MUSIC IN THE PROVINCES.—Every provincial musical entertainment has thriven this autumn. The Manchester papers announce that the English operas given under the auspices of Mr. H. Glover have prospered. They tell us, too, that the unsettled lady, Mrs. Wood, has been once again "retiring into public life," having recently appeared at a musical exhibition of ballad-ware in that town—where her ditties of the 'We met,' 'She could not,' and 'He never did,' family are said to have excited the old furore.

DRURY LANE.—This theatre opens on Friday evening next, with promenade concerts, under the management of the indefatigable and enterprising Jullien. A great musical feast for the million will be given, comprising performances with no less than four military bands in addition to the orchestra. It is needless to add that Jullien has selected for his band an excellent and efficient corps. In addition to the usual course of musical performances, which, as before, will comprise besides the usual quadrilles, polkas, waltzes, deux-temps, &c., symphonies and overtures by the great masters. Mons. Jullien has announced a new French quadrille, which we have no doubt will contain some popular features of interest. Mons. Jullien has the admirable tact of seizing the prevailing idea of the moment, and turning it to musical advantage. At no other period could the French quadrille prove a source of so much interest. The late revolution has made the affairs of France the tea-table talk of England. In this respect Jullien exhibits no mean dramatic powers. Selections from the *Huguenots*, arranged by Mons. Jullien, will be performed. Here again the conductor shows his tact. The immense success of the *Huguenots* at the Royal Italian Opera last season has made the music of Meyerbeer's operas familiar to the public, and it is therefore more likely to find favour in the ears of the many from its familiarity than if it had been introduced for the first time. The promenade concerts remain open for one month only, the theatre being then consigned to the lord knows what performances.

A PERFORMANCE OF SACRED MUSIC took place on Thursday evening, at St. Thomas's Church, Charterhouse, in aid of the funds for defraying the cost of a new organ, which has lately been erected there by Messrs. Gray and Davison. The music performed consisted of selections from the "Creation" and the "Messiah," and was not particularly remarkable except for the elegant and chaste manner in which Miss M. Williams sang "He was despised," and the other portions allotted to her. The other singers were Miss A. Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Machin, and a numerous band of choristers, who, had they not been well acquainted with their duty, would certainly have been led astray by the gentleman who officiated as conductor. Mr. J. Coward presided at the organ with his accustomed ability. The organ itself is a good specimen of Messrs. Gray and Davison's manufactory. The church was not very fully attended.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN.—These eminent performers are fulfilling a most successful engagement at the

Birmingham Theatre, which began on Monday last, and will terminate next Friday. Mr. Lovell's play, *the Wife's Secret*, in which the fine acting of Mr. and Mrs. Kean has so frequently been praised by us, has made a great hit. The houses have been full every night, and Mr. Simpson has had every reason to be thoroughly satisfied with the result of his speculation. After the Birmingham engagement the Keans join Mr. Webster's Haymarket company in London.

MR. MACREADY.—*The New York Albion* of the 7th inst. states that Mr. Macready made his first appearance in *Macbeth* at the Astor Opera House, in New York, before a brilliant and enthusiastic audience on Wednesday, the 4th inst. Another journal states that there are nearly a dozen managers after Mr. Macready; that he had engaged himself to two houses at once, and that there is a terrible fuss in consequence. Only think of Macready having to deal with two Yankee managers at once!!

"DECLINE" OF THE DRAMA.—The expenses of Drury Lane and Covent Garden have not been less than £200 a night, during the late management of these theatres. In 1765 Drury Lane was under £70 a-night, and the company consisted of 160 performers, amongst whom were names of high celebrity. At the head of the company was Garrick, with a salary of £2 15s. per night; Mr. Yates (the famous Othello) and his wife, £3 6s. 8d.; Palmer and his wife, £2; King (the celebrated Sir Peter Teazle and Lord Ogleby), £1 6s. 8d.; Parsons, (the famous comedian) £1 6s. 8d.; Mrs. Cibber, £2 10s.; Mrs. Pritchard, £2 6s. 8d.; Mrs. Clive, £1 15s.; Miss Pope (the first of chambermaids) 13s. 4d.; Signor Gueslinelli (principal singer) £1 3s. 4d.; Signor Grimaldi and his wife (chief dancers) £1.

M. THALBERG has arrived in Paris from Vienna; he is expected in London on Thursday next. His residence will be permanently fixed in England.

FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER.—The application for a divorce in the Philadelphia Courts, by Mr. Pierce Butler against his wife, Fanny Kemble Butler, is on the ground that she has deserted him for two years, having been abroad for that time in Europe. Mrs. Butler resists the application, and as a large fortune is depending on the question, whether the wife shall have her legal portion, or be cut off by a divorce, the case will be one of interest. Mrs. Butler is among the visitors at the Revere House, Boston. She will soon re-appear, it is said, on the boards of the Park Theatre, New York.—*Montreal Pilot*.

THE DRAMA AT COURT.—It is stated that the arrangements made at Windsor Castle for theatrical performances are to be permanent; and that Prince Albert takes great interest in them, particularly insisting on the subordinate parts being well filled. Among the performers engaged, the names of Wallack, Wigan, Webster, Cooper, Keeley, and Leigh Murray, are mentioned. The establishment of a Court theatre in England, is a novelty, but may as an example, prove beneficial.

JENNY LIND.—On Tuesday, the 10th inst., the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the Countess of Clarendon, received a numerous party at dinner, at the Vice Regal Lodge, Dublin, when Madlle. Jenny Lind had the honour of being of the party.—*Dublin Journal*.

MR. G. H. LAKE has been appointed organist of St. Peter's, Walworth, a post occupied by Purkis, the well known performer on the Apollonicon for 23 years.

JENNY LIND has liberally promised to sing gratuitously, at a concert at Manchester, some time in December, the net-proceeds to be applied towards the building of a new north wing of the Royal Infirmary.

THE MUSIC PUBLISHERS AND THE EARLY CLOSING ASSOCIATION.—Several of the music publishers in London have adopted the plan of closing at seven o'clock, being an hour earlier than usual; it has been found to be no detriment to business; we therefore hope that all will follow so excellent an example, at least during the winter months.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.—A Correspondent informs us that Mr. Shield was not born until about twenty years after the Beggar's Opera had been brought out, in the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, A.D. 1727. Gay, the poet, author of the burlesque, selected the airs, and wrote the words to them. Dr. Pepuch set a few (very few) orchestral parts, and the piece had a run of sixty-three nights the first season. A few years afterwards the late Thomas Linley added parts for wind instruments; and many years afterwards Sir Henry Bishop made a full score of the music. In 1728 Gay wrote a sequel to it, and called it Polly, but the Lord Chamberlain would not allow it to be performed. Mr. Gay's friends recommended him to publish it by subscription, which he did, and he got four times as much money as he could have had, had it been acted, as was intended, at Covent Garden Theatre. In 1815 Mr. Michael Kelly brought out Polly at Drury Lane Theatre for his benefit, with additional songs, &c., but it did not prove successful. Gay wrote another opera after the manner of the Beggar's Opera, which was acted at Covent Garden in 1733, but not with any success; it was called Achilles. Gay had died two years previously. The following pieces were written by Gay: the Wife of Bath, a comedy, acted at Drury Lane in 1713; the What-d'ye call it, a farce, played 1715; Three Hours after Marriage, 1717; the Fair Captive, 1720; No Fools like Wits, 1720; the Beggar's Opera, 1727; Polly, Achilles, and the Distressed Wife, which was never acted, but printed with his other works under the auspices of his friend and patron, the Duke of Queensbury. The music in the Beggar's Opera, consists of English, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh airs, and one of the most popular songs in it, "Cease your fanning," is founded on an ancient Welsh melody, called "The Ash Grove." "Ponder well," sung by Polly, is the same air as the old song of "Chevy Chase" is sung to; also the doleful ditty of the "Children in the Wood," but it was first printed in a book called A Handful of Pleasant Delights, A.D. 1534.

C. LONGFORD.—Write to Mr. Gray, Grove Cottage, St. Mark's Grove, Fulham Road, who will furnish you with every particular relative to the Benevolent Choir Fund.

NORWICH FESTIVAL.—A correspondent informs us that the surplus of the recent festival at Norwich was one thousand pounds, and not three, as stated in a mistake, in a former number.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Mr. BRINLEY RICHARDS

(Professor of the Pianoforte at the Royal Academy of Music)
Has the honour to announce, that he has RETURNED to TOWN for the
WINTER SEASON.
36, New Bond Street, Oct. 24th.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

PRESIDENT, REV. G. ROBERTS.

On FRIDAY, November 3rd, will be Performed HANDEL's sublime Oratorio,

THE MESSIAH.

PRINCIPAL VOCAL PERFORMERS:—

MISS BIRCH,
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MR. SIMS REEVES,
MR. LEFFLER,
AND
MR. H. PHILLIPS.

Leader Mr. H. BLAGROVE.
Conductor Mr. SURMAN.

The Band and Chorus will consist of above 500 Performers. A new and improved Orchestra has been erected.

Tickets, 3s. each; Reserved Seats in the Gallery, 5s.; Central Reserved Seats in the Area, 5s.; in the Orchestral Galleries, 1s. each. To be had of the Principal Music Sellers; of Mr. Borman, 3, Leadenhall street; Mr. Cahen, 371, Strand, next to Exeter Hall; at the Offices of the Society, 276, Strand, and No. 9, Exeter Hall.

The Subscription to the Society is £1 1s. per annum, or for Reserved Seats, numbered, £2 2s. Each Subscriber will be entitled to Two Transferable Tickets to each Subscription Concert.

W. S. AUSTIN, Hon. Sec.

* * * Books of the Words, One Shilling each, with a part of the Music, to be had in the room on the evening of performance.



THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE. M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL SERIES OF CONCERTS. FOR ONE MONTH ONLY.

M. JULLIEN begs leave most respectfully to announce that his ANNUAL SERIES of CONCERTS will commence

NEXT FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3rd, 1848.
and continue for one month.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE OPENING NIGHT.

In order to give the greatest eclat to the performance of "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN" on the opening night, M. Jullien has expressly arranged that National Anthem for

FIVE DISTINCT BANDS,

CHORUS, and ORGAN, and has, through the condescension of the Commanding Officers of the Regiments of the Royal Guards, obtained permission for the assistance of their splendid Military Bands, viz.:—

The Band of Her Majesty's 1st Life Guards, under the direction of Mr. Waddell.

The Band of Her Majesty's Royal Horse Guards Blues, under the direction of Mr. Tutton.

The Band of Her Majesty's Grenadier Guards, under the direction of Mr. Schott.

AND
The Band of Her Majesty's Coldstream Guards, under the direction of Mr. Godfrey.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

will, therefore, on this occasion be executed by the extraordinary combination of the Full Concert Orchestra,

THE ABOVE FOUR MILITARY BANDS,

WITH CHORUS AND ORGAN.

The Programme of the First Night will also include a Grand Selection from MEYERBEER's Opera,

"LES HUGUENOTS,"

(now so popular in this country,) arranged expressly by M. JULLIEN, and embracing the chief beauties of the composer's *chef-d'œuvre*.

Also,

BEETHOVEN's Symphony in D;

A New Solo by HERR KÖNIG, entitled "Solitude;"

A New Solo by Mr. RICHARDSON, Auber's celebrated Air from "La Fiancée," with Variations;

A New Valse by M. JULLIEN;

A New Polka by HERR KÖNIG;

A New Schottisch by M. JULLIEN;

A Cavatina by Miss MIRAN;

&c., &c., &c.

The Concert will commence at Eight o'Clock.

IL BARBIERE, FIGARO, AND NORMA.

THESE three admired Operas, with Italian and English text, and Piano Accompaniment, are now completed in the

"STANDARD LYRIC DRAMA,"

(of which they form the first Three Volumes, or 17 Parts).

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